The Bourbon News.

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PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY

A LITTLE GRAVE.

Thrice now the wintry winds have blown
Above the yellow grass blades here,
And thrice the birds have sung and flown,
And thrice the leaves, all brown and sere,
Have drifted softly, gently down,
While I, to win the praise of men,
Have labored in the busy town—
Forgetting now and then.

Forgetting? Nay, I have but tried
To laugh the ready tears away;
With but an outward show of pride
I still have mourned from day to day,
And left the busy market-place,
At night, to sit apart, alone,
And, dreaming, feel a little face
Pressed softly to my own.

Thrice now the wintry winds have swept
Above my darling, sleeping here,
And I, unseen, to-day have wept
Out many a long, long treasured tear,
And where my hopeless teardrops fell
New flowers of hope have bloomed for me—
Oh, I'll be glad in doing well,
Since one I love shall see.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A TENDERFOOT AFTER DEER.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

"WHAT do you take me for, anyway? Haven't you stuffed me enough already? The idea of a deer living in this kind of a country!" said my friend Boswell one day, when we were out hunting quail. It was on one of the most forbidding parts of the cobble-stone and cactus mesas along the lower coast of California, and when I suggested that we should come out after deer the next day with rifles I had quite forgotten how absurd the same idea had seemed to me some years before, as it must to any one who has ever known much of deer in the east. I induced him, however, to try it, and as he had never had any experience with deer except with the shotgun before hounds, we had not been out long before his kicker was in good working order.

"Can't you dig up something deeper than this?" he said as we started across a big ravine. "If there is anything I like it is a California canyon on a hot day."

"We'll have some hills that'll make up for the difference before we get through," I replied.

"You bet. There are some expectations here that never go back on me. But how the deuce do you expect to find any deer here? What is there for them to live on?"

"What's the matter with living on climate, the same as some of the people?"

"By Jove, there is some hope that you'll live to tell the truth yet. I'm afraid, though, you slipped that admission out accidentally," he growled.

A glimmer of greyish brown through a bush on a hillside made me whirl my rifle from my shoulder before it came into full sight outside the bush and showed it was a coyote getting under full sail.

Boswell tumbled to the ground and rolled with laughter. The best I could do was to smile a cheap smile and keep still.

It was my turn again before we had gone half a mile. As we rounded a point of rocks at the bottom of a gulch, just above some brush about 60 yards ahead flared the big round ears of a doe, and lower down, still larger by contrast, were the ears of two fawns; all looking much like huge lobes of the dead prickly pear, with little besides the neck and part of the back to indicate the difference. In those days we paid no attention to the sex of deer as we do now. It was simply a question of whether we wanted venison or not, and when we went after any we made a practice of wanting some. So I said:

"There are three deer. Hurry up, too, for they see us and won't stand long."

"Where? Where? Where?" he said, looking in the direction in which I was pointing, while his hand trembled on the rifle. "I don't see any. Where are they?"

"Why, right over that brush there. Don't you see their ears?"

"What? That! Why, they're gone," he said, as with that mysterious power a deer has of folding his tent like the Arab and silently stealing away, they dropped their heads and left us gazing at the brush.

"Why, darn it! I thought that was cactus," he said.

"Of course. You never saw a deer standing still before except in a picture. You were looking for the attitude of the sculptor's warhorse, with arched neck, mouth wide open, a couple of dozen tines on his head all flashing like streaks of lightning, several hundred individual hairs all shining and plainly visible at 60 yards or more; dew claws all drawn out in full with glistening curve, with a blinding glitter on perfect hoofs and a line of dark jet for the split in the hoof. Such a deer was never seen except in a smoothly shaven park, but that is exactly what the tenderfoot is always looking for, and consequently he can't see anything else."

"Your granny's nightcap. It's in the cussed country. Like everything else here, mighty fine to talk about, but don't stand inspection. Just like you, always sneaking out when I corner you on anything in that cussed book of yours that brought me out here to make a fool of myself when there was plenty of better shooting at home. Why don't you have deer that can get up and run and ain't afraid to show themselves, but depend on speed and twisting to beat you in decent style?"

"Well, maybe you can be accommodated in that. We'll be in some bigger hills directly and maybe you'll see something there with enough speed and twist to be entertaining. You can bet one thing, though, that if you shoot at one, as you have been in the habit of doing with a shotgun before the hounds, you will make a dead miss with the rifle most of the time."

"That kind of talk is all right for those who don't know how to shoot a shotgun or anything else. But you just run me up against one of your deer if you want to see something artistic."

"And your talk is all right for one who knows nothing about a rifle. But I am surprised you should try to work it on me when you know that I know that you have never shot a rifle in your life," said I, with great gravity of tone.

"You had better confine your talents to painting California rainbows. You can fool people that way all right. But you needn't start in so late in life to educate me on shooting."

In about half an hour we were in some higher hills and there we met Bill Martin, another old companion of mine, who was out after deer. As we sat down to rest a bit Martin pulled off his cartridge belt and laid it on the ground so that Boswell could see the end of the bullets. They were hollow in the point and filled with wax—some of the first expansive bullets used in this country. Boswell took out one from the belt and began to examine the ball with great interest.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"That's the chamber for the antiseptic. It's capped with wax," I replied very seriously.

"Antiseptic!" he exclaimed, big-eyed.

"Yes. In these big hills we have to make such long shots sometimes on wild deer we have to have something to keep the meat from spoiling in hot weather before we can get to it. Mine are that way, but they are all in the magazine of the rifle."

Martin took the cue in a twinkling and, with an air quite as serious as mine, asked me:

"What kind do you like best?"

"Why, concentrated creosote is the best, if you are going to smoke venison. But for fresh meat chloride of zinc is the best," I replied.

"I don't like the idea of it, though. Too much like embalming," said Martin, with an air of disgust. "It's a pity arsenic is poison, for it's so sure and don't taste a bit. You can notice just a faint taste from the chloride if you have had to lose much time in finding your game in the brush, or if its got away wounded."

Boswell had started to pick out the wax with the point of his knife, but had suspended operations and sat looking at us with big-eyed wonder. Neither of us quivered, but we continued the discussion in that line until finally Boswell, with all the artlessness of a sucking lamb, gracing a childlike smile of bashful incredulity, said:

"Say, you fellows are fooling about that, ain't you?"

Whereupon we took a roll on the ground, but he didn't see anything funny about it and kept a dignified silence for the next hour, as he wandered away by himself.

We finally beckoned him to us, for we had found the track of two big bucks. We told him to go and get a position on the top of the ridge where he could get a shot if they ran around on either side.

"Pig tracks," he said with contempt as he looked at them.

"Well, you make goat tracks for that ridge, and you may see something."

"You just want to get me to climb that big hill in the hot sun for nothing"

"It'll be nothing all right enough, for you'll never hit anything, but it's worth something to see a good buck run through the brush and rocks," said I.

"Another California fake, I'll bet a dollar," he muttered as he went off.

After waiting awhile for my friend to reach the ridge, I sent Martin around the hill one way while I took the tracks that led the other way, so that some one would have a chance for a shot if we could start the deer. After following the tracks about half an hour, as they wound around a hill, I reached the ridge that commanded a view of the other side of the main hill. As I followed the trail up its side there was a heavy thump of hoofs from its top and a grand smash of brush. I scrambled to the top as fast as I could, and reached its crest well out of breath in time to see two big bucks in high riochet career, now clearing brush with lofty bound, then diving through the heaviest like a dolphin through the wave, now skipping a huge bolder as if playing follow my leader, then twisting around some smaller one at an angle that would almost unjoint the tail of a rabbit.

It was only a wild and desperate chance of touching one, but I whirled the rifle from my shoulder and raised it on the largest buck just as he rose in a curve of glistening hair high above the brush, aiming low so as to be safe against overshooting, because his body would drop two or three feet while the ball was making the trip. I had the calculation made in great shape, when, just as I was about ready to pull the trigger, the buck suddenly wilted like a wet rag at the top of his bound and at the same time the crack of Boswell's rifle came sharp and clear from away up among the rocks on top of the ridge.

It was a much longer shot than I had to make, and mine would probably have been a miss, since no amount of calculation will make any certainty in such shots. I was so paralyzed with surprise that instead of shooting at the other buck, which was bounding away in plain sight, I stood waiting for Boswell to shoot at it. But, like all tenderfeet, he had to take a repeater down from his shoulder to work the lever, and that little scrap of time is so valuable that before he could get a sight with it, or before I could come to my senses again, the deer had whirled around a point of rocks and down into a bushy gulch.

"Well, do you think now there is anything in California?" I asked, as a huge smile illumined the somber brush around the dead deer, which was struck squarely in the middle of the neck.

"You bet your boots there is. There's a chap that can shoot," replied the proprietor of the smile.

I didn't have much to say to that, and he resumed:

"Durned poor shot, though, too. I'm out of practice some. I meant to hit him right where the spinal column joins the brain, and durned if I ain't three inches too far back. Talk about your antiseptics. Bah! You don't need any if you point the gun right. You want to touch the spinal marrow and then you won't have to chase any wounded ones around in the brush. And if you ain't too slow about it you don't need to take many long shots."

I stood half paralyzed again at his audacity, for when a deer is struck at the top of his leap at such a distance it is certain that he was at the lowest point of the arch when the trigger was pulled and the danger of overshooting is so great anyhow that no one of experience tries to aim a ball so that a deer will rise to meet it, but just the reverse, so that he will descend to meet it. And even if the deer were standing still, such a shot would be the last one of any sense would try to make for the mark is far too small. But I was afraid to argue the point with him, and at last ventured timidly to ask:

"If you are such a fine shot as that, why didn't you take the other one?"

"Great Caesar! How many bucks do you want in one day? Do you take me for a game hog?" he replied, with an air of astonishment that would have made a reputation on the stage.—Los Angeles Herald Illustrated Magazine.

IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE.

One of the Drawbacks to Social Intimacy with a Chemist of Blunt Faculties.

When one's friend is a scientist and given to experiments a little caution may not be out of place before consenting to do him a favor. That, however, did not occur to a certain well-known public man whose experience is related in an Australian paper.

He went to the laboratory of an old schoolmate, a Melbourne professor of chemistry, to make a friendly call. The professor was studying a dark brown substance spread out on a sheet of paper.

"I say," he cried, when greetings had been exchanged, "would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become vitiated by trying all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the accommodating friend, and he promptly opened his mouth.

The professor took up some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue. The man worked it around in his mouth for fully a minute, tasting it as much as he might have tasted a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not than I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as gall."

"Hem-m-m! All right."

By this time the visitor's curiosity was aroused. "But what is it, anyhow?" he inquired.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Someone has been poisoning horses with it."

Only Two Held the Office.

A town in central Illinois boasted for many years of a most ornamental figure which adorned the town square seven days in the week. His name was Price Poor and in splendor of attire he rivaled the Beau Hickman of the capital. He had a numerous family, which he kept well in the background, and an assertive wife, who kept him well in the background during the few hours he spent at home. In the course of political events in Illinois Price Poor was elected justice of the peace. He was prouder of the office than a bird of paradise. The neighbors shared his glory by reflection. One of them was seated in Justice Poor's sitting room one day soon after the election and heard the justice talking with his oldest son. "Is we all jestices, paw?" the boy asked wistfully. The old man had something of an impediment in his speech. "Eh-no, my son," he answered. "Only eh-me and eh-your maw."—Chicago Chronicle.

Cruel Jest.

Mrs. Gaussip—I understand from Mrs. Jokey that your doctor has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman.

Mrs. Meekley—Oh, yes—

"For goodness sake! How? When—"

"O! constantly. My doctor's a lady."—Philadelphia Press.

JOHN BULL—"AH, I MUST SIT DOWN AND READ THIS GRATIFYING NEWS OVER AGAIN."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE AUTOMOBILE FACE.

Marks Which the Features of Beautiful Women Are Alone Proof Against.

Another facial contortion has been added to the list that has been growing ever since the bicycle face appeared a few years ago when the craze for the wheel became general. The wheeling face was easily recognized. The set expression, the strained eye, and often the sadly drawn-up mouth became distinguishing characteristics of the faces of bicyclists, both men and women.

Since then the coupon thumb and the ticker eye have appeared in Wall street, and golf has had its shin and its arm. Of late it has been asserted by physicians and artists that the eye of the golf enthusiast may be recognized by its fixed, steady gaze, similar to that observable in the eye of the yachtsman, says the New York Sun.

The golf eye, of course, comes from the strain of following the ball's course through the air, just as the sailor's eye becomes fixed from looking over the sea for great distances. Sometimes the forehead wrinkles habitually with both the golfer and the yachtsman.

The hands and arms of the women golf players are easily recognizable. The arms show the brown tinge from the sun half way to the elbow, and no matter how carefully the hands are looked after the fingers of the player show a tendency to become broad and flat, while the game plays havoc with the nails. Manicure operators say that the game has caused a boom in their trade, and that women who once indulged only occasionally in the professional treatment are now obliged to have their nails gone over twice and three times a week.

Doctors say also that golf gives the body a sturdy but graceful pose. Women who drive well over the links unconsciously form the habit of standing very squarely with the feet wide apart and the heels and toes flat on the ground.

The mind is intent on retaining the pose, and it clings to the player when the game is done. The movements of the arms and limbs become freer through the exercise and walking required, and this has produced the so-called athletic type of girl.

Now the automobile has marked its victims' faces with a set expression that tends to become a decided frown. It is already well defined on the features of several well-known men who have taken up the sport.

There is more reason for the automobile face than any other of the others recorded. The strain of running one of the machines is intense. The wind naturally beats against the face, and the operator lowers his head against it and contracts his brows in the unconscious effort to protect his eyes from dust.

In crowded thoroughfares there is always more or less danger of an accident from collision or the running down of careless drivers or pedestrians, who seem in many cases to be dazed by the bell instead of warned by it. Horses have not yet grown accustomed to the whizzing vehicles and frequently rear and run away.

All this danger causes the chauffeur to feel a nervous tension which leaves its mark indelibly on the face. The result is a permanent and disagreeable frown.

Every occupation has its marks. Even the prize fighters who desert the ring for the stage cannot be broken of the custom of crouching as they advance to meet the leading lady in love scenes, with the chin well forward and down and the eye alert instead of tender. Painters and sculptors have queer hand characteristics, the thumbs being specially marked in type.

Librarians readily acquire the studious stoop. Doctors are recognizable by a certain calm demeanor which is a part of the profession.

Actors who, in their work, have to study all the traits of face and manner that mark the different callings and professions, are themselves quite easily recognizable. Priests have been mistaken for actors, but an actor has never been taken for a priest. Both are close shaven, but the actor is apt to be lean and the clergyman stout. The lips of the latter, however, have never the suggestion of elocution of the actor.

The only human beings who seem to escape the inexorable marks of their occupation or fad are beautiful women, whose faces rarely express anything but artistic perfection. Someone has discovered of late that vanity is one of the finest forms of contentment. The beauty habit grows on a woman, and sometimes, sad to relate, on a man, and the result is an unmistakable look of self-satisfaction, which is the distinguishing trait of face.

It is one form of contentment and has its good points, for contentment with conditions is said to be a sure antidote for lines, frowns and the other marks of the too strenuous liver.

A Distinction.

Mr. O'Grady (reading paper)—Oi see here, Bridget, thot a mon fell 15 shtories down an elevator shaft.

Mrs. O'Grady—Oh, the poor mon! Did he die?

"Naw! Oi guess he didn't hov toime. The paper sez he wor kilt inshtantly."—Judge.

Troubles of the Rich.

Mrs. Cobwigger—I suppose you find your social duties much more onerous since you became so rich?

Mrs. Parvenue—Yes, indeed, my dear. I have had to cultivate an entirely new set of acquaintances.—Judge.

THE SURRENDER.

FIND THE INDIAN.